If euer he haue wife, let her be made mad:
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are a weare of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe, *corse 1602.*
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by Saint Paul,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.
Gen. My Lord stand backe and let the coffin passe. *My L. 1602.*
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breast,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraide? *afraid 1602.*
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell. *diuel. 1602.*
Auant thou dreadfull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.
La. Foule diuel, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes, *Cries, 1602.*
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deludge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood madst, reuenge his death: *madest, 1602.*
Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning stricke the murtherer dead. *strike 1602.*

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him
Didst As thou doest swallowe vp this good
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath b
Glo. Ladie, you know no rules of ch
Which renders good for bad, blessings
La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of
No beast so fierce, but knowes some tou
Glo. But I know none, and therefore
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels
Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woma
Of these supposed euils to giue me leau
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a
For these knowne euils, but to giue me
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee,
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispare I should accuse m
La. And by disparing shouldst thou st
For doing worthy vengeance on thy self
Which didest, vnworthy slaughter vpon
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slaueby th
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edw
La. In thy foule throat thou lyest. Que
Thy bloodly faulchion smoking in his b
The which thou once didst bend against
But that thy brother beat aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous t
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodi
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butch
Didst thou not kill this king? *Glo.*